

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

MONTREAL, MAY 24, 1940.

77th Year.

Lord Athlone Proud of Being Named to Serve Here

The Earl of Athlone, Governor-General-designate of Canada, broadcast a message of greeting to the Dominion on May 9, declaring that he and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, "feel that we shall love Canada and we hope to be worthy of the great privileges and the opportunity which lie before us." He said that "we in England have been encouraged and cheered in these difficult days by the knowledge that Canada stands shoulder to shoulder with us." —The text of the broadcast follows:

"I AM happy to have this opportunity to say to the people of Canada how much Princess Alice and I are looking forward to being among you. We have read and heard so much of Canada that we are eager to see your great country and to take up our life there.

"I am proud to succeed Lord Tweedsmuir, whose great achievements will long be remembered throughout the length and breadth of Canada, and whose sudden death was so universally deplored. I am happy to think that I was honored by his friendship.

"On the eve of the last war we were making ready to go to Canada, where I was to have taken up the duties of Governor-General. And now once more the peoples of the British Empire find themselves engaged in war. In this struggle, as in the last, Canada is playing a vitally important part. We in England have been encouraged and cheered in these difficult days by the knowledge that Canada stands shoulder to shoulder with us.

"I myself have very recently had an opportunity to see something of the Canadian forces serving overseas. On the invitation of Major-General McNaughton I had the privilege of inspecting many units of the First Division, taking part in an ordinary day's training and, with Princess Alice, of meeting and talking with many officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

"They are a splendid body of men of whom you may well be proud. They



THE EARL OF ATHLONE

were Seaforth Highlanders from Vancouver, the Edmonton Regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the Carleton and York Regiment, the Royal Montreal Regiment, and the Royal 22nd Regiment from Quebec.

SPEAKS IN FRENCH

(Here Lord Athlone interjected a few words in French.)

"LES officiers de ce dernier regiment parlaient francais a leurs hommes et ceci me rappelait que les races francaise et anglaise qui combattent au-

jourd'hui cote a cote se sont deja associees chez vous en une grande nation. Chez vous, comme dans d'autres parties de l'Empire, une volonte commune s'est en effet superposee a la diversite de la culture et des langues."

(The officers of the last regiment spoke French to their men and this recalled to me that the French and English races which are fighting side by side today already were associated among you in a great nation. Among you, as in other parts of the Empire, a common will has, in effect, been superimposed on a diversity of culture and languages.)

"Finding within a small area of England so many famous Canadian regiments, one's mind is carried to those great territories stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific whence they set out, and to those distant homes which they have left in order that they may serve His Majesty the King.

"To relations and friends of those I was with on Saturday, I would send special words of greeting and good cheer.

"In coming to Canada at this time Her Royal Highness and I will wish to add our help to the common cause. We shall look forward to a life of varied interests and activity. We hope to see the manifold beauties of your country and to come to know its people.

"We feel that we shall love Canada and we hope to be worthy of the great privileges and the opportunity which lie before us."

Through the Kashmir Valley

"It Makes You Think of Galilee"

An American lady travelling in India writes this interesting account.

IT'S impossible to describe Kashmir.

The Dal Lake where we camped is filled at the edges with pink lotus plants. Around it are mountains against an incredible blue sky. One day some of the girls at camp got into shikaras—those exotic K. canoes with divans on them, hung with embroidered curtains and paddled by native boys with heart-shaped paddles—and went to a bridge where we took some pictures. Over the top of a mountain arched a rainbow—plop into the water off our bows. The boys fish here by standing up in the stern of the canoe and throwing a big net out in a flounce, like a ballet skirt. It hits the water, sinks, and soon they're pulling it up again, full of little baby fish, like white bait at home.

Srinagar, the Capital of Kashmir, made me think of Constantinople. The streets twist narrowly and are lined with dark holes that are shops, with old men sitting cross-legged in them, smoking hookahs. Beside them are great pinkish lumps of rock salt, or linseed cakes, or bright embroidered fezzes or piles of copper pots. At the hottest hour of the day the streets are strewn with sleeping dogs. You drive in a sort of jaunting cart called a tonga with a tramcar bell. The driver loves to snarl amiably at passersby who crowd next the walls much more obligingly than the cows who have the right of way. At night these same streets look like paintings from the Dutch school, sharp shadows and lights on men's high-bridged noses and wares.

Outside of Srinagar the countryside is farm land and grazing. The villages are walled with mud. Women walk along with jars on their heads and great silver rings in their ears. The children roll in the dust. The men tend the flocks. It makes you think of Galilee. Towering over the town is an old fort that is now the jail. All around are a chain of lakes filled with houseboats. About 20 miles away is Gulmarg, another famous K. place, and 4,000 feet higher. It's like a Swiss village. You get off 4 miles below and ride up on local ponies called "tats".

Little did I ever expect to be galloping through the Himalayas!

* * *

FROM KASHMIR, we drove to Peshawar, the capital of the Northwest Frontier Province. It was a glorious

drive, following the winding rivers, with slopes of yellow mustard stretching up to the mountains and light patches of green paddy.

Peshawar bristles with 'military'. We stayed with the Brigadier and his wife. Things were pretty tense because one of the local tribes (Afridi) who lived in the no-man's land between the N. W. F. P. and Afghanistan had decided to kick up a row by crossing the border and dethroning the local king. They had to go through the Khyber to do this.

All my life I've heard of the famed Khyber Pass. In spite of the trouble we were lucky enough to see it. We had met the Khyber Political Officer at th Camp. He arranged for armed guards to take us up—two car fulls.

It is a marvellous drive. You wind up and up. There is a railway through endless tunnels and four roads, one for camels and caravans only. At the junctures you see signs with motors, camels, etc., painted on them to tell the natives who can't read which one to take. The pass is gaunt—stone mountains and sand. Concealed guns are everywhere and on almost every jut of rock there is the arms of a regiment which has served there or helped to capture it. We went up to the very borders and stood by a sign saying 'LIMIT OF BRITISH INDIA'. Just a few yards away stood the Afghan guards, who allowed us to walk up the hill and look over into Afghanistan itself.

The Political Officer had phoned ahead and we had green tea and biscuits waiting for us in a bungalow.—Adapted from an article in The New Witness.

Greatest Telescope in the World

AT Palomar in California the largest telescope the world has ever seen is being put in position, a job that will take two years.

One hundred of the greatest scientists, engineers and astronomers of the day were needed to solve the innumerable technical difficulties of its construction. An army of mechanics, glass workers, fitters and polishers worked on it day and night for eleven years to shape its 500 tons of glass and steel.

The largest of its four mirrors has a diameter of 17½ feet, weighs 40 tons, and could accommodate 75 people standing on it, yet it is accurate to a millionth of an inch.

This mammoth disk, moulded from an incandescent lake of molten glass 50 feet long, took one year to cool, and four years to polish. It is now mounted in position in the 60 ft. long tube, and the moving part of this telescope, though it weighs 425 tons, yet moves accurately and easily to the turn of a little screw.—Sel.

Britain's Forests

Britain with her large industrialized population has less forest land than most countries in Europe. Before the Great War it covered about 3,000,000 acres compared with 40,000,000 acres in Sweden, 17,000,000 in Norway, 24,000,000 in France and 35,000,000 in Germany. A good deal was cut in all these countries during the Great War, but it has probably been made up by replanting.

A hundred and more years ago in England there was great planting of oak for the Navy. "Our ships were British oak and hearts of oak our men." The pines which the Newfoundlanders are cutting in Scotland will be equally useful. Britain's mines no less than her ships, help her to fight the war.

Trouble in the Water Reservoir

ONE of the common troubles in a water reservoir is the presence of algae. Algae are cryptogamous plants,—that is ones which have no true flowers, but which propagate by means of spores. The bodies of algae consist of a single cell, or one which has no root stem or leaf; seaweed is an example. They give the water a nasty smell and a fishy taste; they may be got rid of by towing through the water a bag containing sulphate of copper. In all cases it is better to be forearmed by having the water at intervals examined microscopically so as to anticipate the trouble and take the necessary precautions before the growth has reached large bounds.—Health League.

It's A POOR JOKE—

When someone blushes with embarrassment.

When someone's feelings are hurt.

When something sacred is made to appear commonplace.

When it is directed against someone's infirmity.

When it is uttered in a bitter spirit.

When everyone cannot join in the laughter.

The New Nancy B

By G. E. Wallace.

For the Messenger

FLOYD WILLIAMS stood back and looked at the Nancy B critically. "She's not so much," he said.

Maurice Taber laid the can filled with the gilt paint down on the ground. "She was a boat," he said, "that couldn't be beaten, in the days of long ago. Once she could breast the current, once folks said, 'Watch her go!' But now her looks are gone and no matter what we do, the days of dear old Nancy B are done, I guess the old boat's through."

"I guess so," Floyd said. "I guess the firm of Williams and Taber is done too. I guess we're through."

Maurice picked up the can of gilt paint. "Never say die!" he said. "Let's work."

They worked while the hot spring sunshine beat down. The water of the river was a vivid blue, like the spring sky. You'd have thought settled spring weather had come and was going to stay.

"Last year we did make a little," Floyd said. "And if we had a boat, a real boat, we'd make more this year."

Last year the two of them, high school seniors, had pooled their resources and bought the old Nancy B, a broad, squatty, but a very reliable boat, and then had gone across to the park on the east bank of the river and had taken pleasure seekers out for a ride. For twenty-five cents they took them down below the point that made a long cove like bay across from the industrial city of Dutton.

They had had great hopes that they would make money. And, everything considered, they hadn't done so badly.

"Other boats there are," Maurice sang, "other boats there be, but no boat on the river as homely as Nancy B."

He splashed the gilt paint on the stripe that was to run around the boat.

"What do you think?" he asked. "Paint, more white paint, more gilt paint, and a new awning. What do you think?"

"I think," Floyd said, "we're licked. Did you see the picture of the boat that company that runs the other boats ordered?"

Maurice sighed. He had. That boat looked like a yacht, not a tub. It had speed.

"If you were paying out good money," Floyd said, "which boat

would you choose if you were going to make a trip?"

"We might advertise our trip takes longer," Maurice was faintly hopeful. Then the hope died. That was another thing. . . . they needed a new engine. The old one although reliable did not have the power to drive the boat through the water at any great speed. People last year had complained, saying, "Can't you make better time." Especially when the other newer boats went chugging by.

"We're finished. We might just as well give up," Floyd said.

"The Nancy B was all they had. . . . If they lost her they had lost everything. They had put every cent they had into her. And yet. . . ."

"Give up! Are you a coward?" Maurice asked. He grinned, for he knew Floyd.

"No. I'm just stating facts."

They went on with their work.

"I will admit she was a good boat, once," Floyd said. Then he added, "But I wish we could get another one."

The sun shone less brightly. The sparkle was gone from the water. A haze was gathering in the west, with just a trace of inkiness in it.

Maurice got up. He put the cover on his can of paint. And put it on carefully. Paint cost money.

And Floyd said, "I saw lightning. It's going to rain."

"We'll come back tomorrow or the next day," Maurice said. "Probably we have not a chance in the world of making a go of our venture this season with this old boat, but we can try."

And then they climbed into their auto and started home. They had to go up the river road two miles, and across the bridge, then down on the other side.

Before they got home their wind shield wiper was clicking back and forth, back and forth, across the wind shield.

And that night it rained. . . . and

the next day. After which it got down to business and poured.

And the papers carried items, as, river's crest at Uplands is three feet over flood stage. . . . Big Sandy is pouring into the river a yellow flood.

"Listen, Maurice," Floyd said at the end of the fourth day, "we're going to have a flood. There's no escape."

"We're all right," Maurice said. "Or the Nancy B is. She's anchored behind that peninsula up near the head of the bay. The flood won't touch her."

"I guess you're right."

As for the city of Dutton, well Dutton had lived through many floods. There were dikes along the river. And those levees had always held.

"We have nothing to worry about," Maurice said.

Only, of course, they could not go on painting, not until the rain let up.

The flats, miles up the river, were flooded. . . . people had left several small towns. Items from the news papers.

But of course those towns weren't Dutton. Dutton lay behind strong levees. There was the river, then a stretch of flat land that would be flooded, and almost always was, yearly. Then there were the levees, strong levees too. Behind them, below the level of the flood stage, the city of Dutton lay.

Of course, if the water broke through those levees. . . . But then, why borrow trouble!

And then the flood came.

Day and night men patrolled the levees, and worked, while other men filled bags with sand and rushed them to those working by the river. The flood was a flood of a decade.

And the stream brought debris along with it, great trees, and buildings that had floated off their foundations. And the flood smashed against the levees. The debris was hurled against them as if an assault were being made with a battering ram.

"Floyd," Maurice called one evening, Maurice was very tired, and weary and soaked, for he'd been out all day working on top of the embankments, "do you know that one section of the levee just above the city may go?"

Floyd couldn't believe it. Was he sure, he asked.

Well, not absolutely sure. "But if it goes, Floyd," Maurice said, "the city will be flooded, all of the mill section at least, and most of the streets where the workers live."

Floyd knew that. But was he sure the levee was going?

"And they say the bridge up the river isn't safe," Maurice said.

"Listen Maurice," Floyd said, "I don't get it! Speak out! What are you talking about?"

Well, it was hard to put into words. For the Nancy B was all they had. With her, they'd make some money. If they lost her they had lost everything. They had put every cent they had into her. And yet. . . .

"I was thinking," Maurice said, "If we got over to the Nancy B, and sailed her across. . . ."

"We'd get shot, if we went near that levee," Floyd said. Men were guarding that breakwater. It was crumbling, but it still held. And might hold. Wouldn't those working on it just love to see a boat heading into it!

"I'm not thinking of trying to plug any hole in the levee with the Nancy B," Maurice said. "I'm not that crazy. But, Floyd, something has to be done! That peninsula is shooting the current across the river, and that current is carrying debris, and tree trunks are pounding the levee."

"You really think she'll go?"

"I think so."

Over across the river, a tubby boat, that was their all. And how they had worked to spruce her up!

"All right," Floyd said. "I'm game!"

He dressed. He didn't fool himself and think, later, we can take her off. They could, of course, but the engine would be ruined. The flood water filled with silt would see to that. And they had no money to buy a new engine.

He got downstairs just as Maurice drove up in the old car.

And then they headed into the rain.

"Did you ever see the like?" Maurice asked.

Floyd hadn't.

They circled back and around a flooded area. But they made good time when they came to the main highway that ran east and west, across the river.

That highway stood up and out of the wide expanse of flooded land.

"Did you ever know it to keep up, for a week?"

"And rain up in the hills too," Floyd said.

Ahead, dimly, they could see the bridge.

They sped towards it.

And then, a fellow in uniform stepped into the road.

He waved them down. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked.

Across. . . . for over there their boat

was anchored, in the long bay back of the peninsula.

"No one can cross. Orders."

They sat in their car, the gray rain slanting down. Ahead they could hear the river growling.

"The bridge may go. . . . any time."

"Listen," Maurice said, leaning out, "the levee may go. I know. I was working on it all day. And Floyd would be on it now, piling sand bags, only we think we can save it."

They sketched their plan. They'd take their boat, across, above the spot where the debris hit and battered the levee, and they'd beach the Nancy B on that shelf of lowland now flooded so she would protect the levee from the floating tree trunks.

The rain slanted down.

"Well. . . . go." The guard moved back into the shadows. "I don't know if I ought to let you or not, but go on, if you wish."

The bridge trembled and quivered. Rain, and a river in flood below them.

"Do you think we can make it?" Floyd asked.

"The Nancy B's a good boat."

And she was. . . . although not good enough. Not good enough to draw passengers. You had to have a new boat to do that, a boat all spick and span, and speedy.

Then they were across, and driving down the road on the other side.

And the Nancy B wallowed through the quiet waters of the lagoon like-bay, then out into the river.

The river current caught her and swept her down stream.

That would never do! They had to go upstream, then across.

The Nancy B's engine chugged. The Nancy B fought the current.

A tree went past. . . . another.

No wonder the levee was crumbling! It seemed as if all the forests must have been swept from the hills.

Floyd stood up in the prow watching the river, watching for floating tree trunks. Maurice saw to the engine.

"We're up above the peninsula now," Floyd said. "Or I think we are."

They turned the Nancy B, heading diagonally across the river.

This was something like it! The current was helping, not hindering.

"Say," Floyd said, "I'll be sorry to see her go!"

Sure. She was a tub, but a pretty good old tub.

"We couldn't have made good any how," Maurice said. "We were licked anyway, licked by newer boats."

And they hadn't had the money to

buy a new boat. They never would have, now.

"I bet she's proud, going to do what she's going to do," Floyd said.

And then they left her drift in, and in, while men on the levee shouted.

"Here's hoping they don't shoot," Floyd said.

"If they start shooting, I'm going over board," Maurice said. "You'd better come too."

But they didn't have to. Some one turned a search light on them. . . . Some one saw what they were doing. . . . and later some men came out in a boat and got them off.

Just in time too. The Nancy B had grounded, but several logs, headed for the levee, had hit her instead. They had smashed her planking in several spots. Water poured in.

* * *

Across the river, behind a levee that had held during a recent flood, the city of Dutton lay. And from the city people came to the park on the east bank of the river. It was a nice park, with great shade trees, and picnic tables, and a bathing beach. It was sheltered from the river proper by a long peninsula, that made a lagoon shaped bay along the river bank.

Floyd stood by a dock. Up on shore Maurice Taber was busy selling tickets.

"Get your tickets!" Maurice was shouting. "We can take you down the bay, out on the river, across, then back."

And that was more than any other boat carrying pleasure seekers did.

"We can do it because our boat is the fastest and staunchest boat on the river!" Maurice was saying.

Floyd looked at the boat. The Nancy B. But not the old Nancy B. The old Nancy B still remained, on guard, in front of the levee that had almost broken. She remained there, although now the river had receded, she rested on dry land. Cows grazed around her.

The Nancy B. . . . the new Nancy B.

"What," some of the leading business men of the city, whose stores would have been flooded, whose mills would have been wrecked, asked Floyd and Maurice, "can we do to pay you and show our gratitude?"

Do? Why nothing.

That was what Floyd said, and Maurice seconded him.

But the business men couldn't see it that way. "We're going to do something," they said. And they bought a boat, a beauty, and Floyd, looking at it, said. . . .

"Maurice!"

"Yes?"

(Please turn to Page 13.)

China's New Spirit in Action

Fresh facts about the rebirth of China in her far western provinces are revealed in a letter from Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, written in Chungking and received by Mrs. Charles Kirkland Roys, Associate Director of the Church Committee for China Relief, with national headquarters at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

Extracts from Madame Chiang's letter, made public by the Church Committee for China Relief, in its efforts to stimulate nationwide support for the most urgently needed civilian relief for children and adults in China, at the approximate cost of twelve American dollars, yearly, follows:

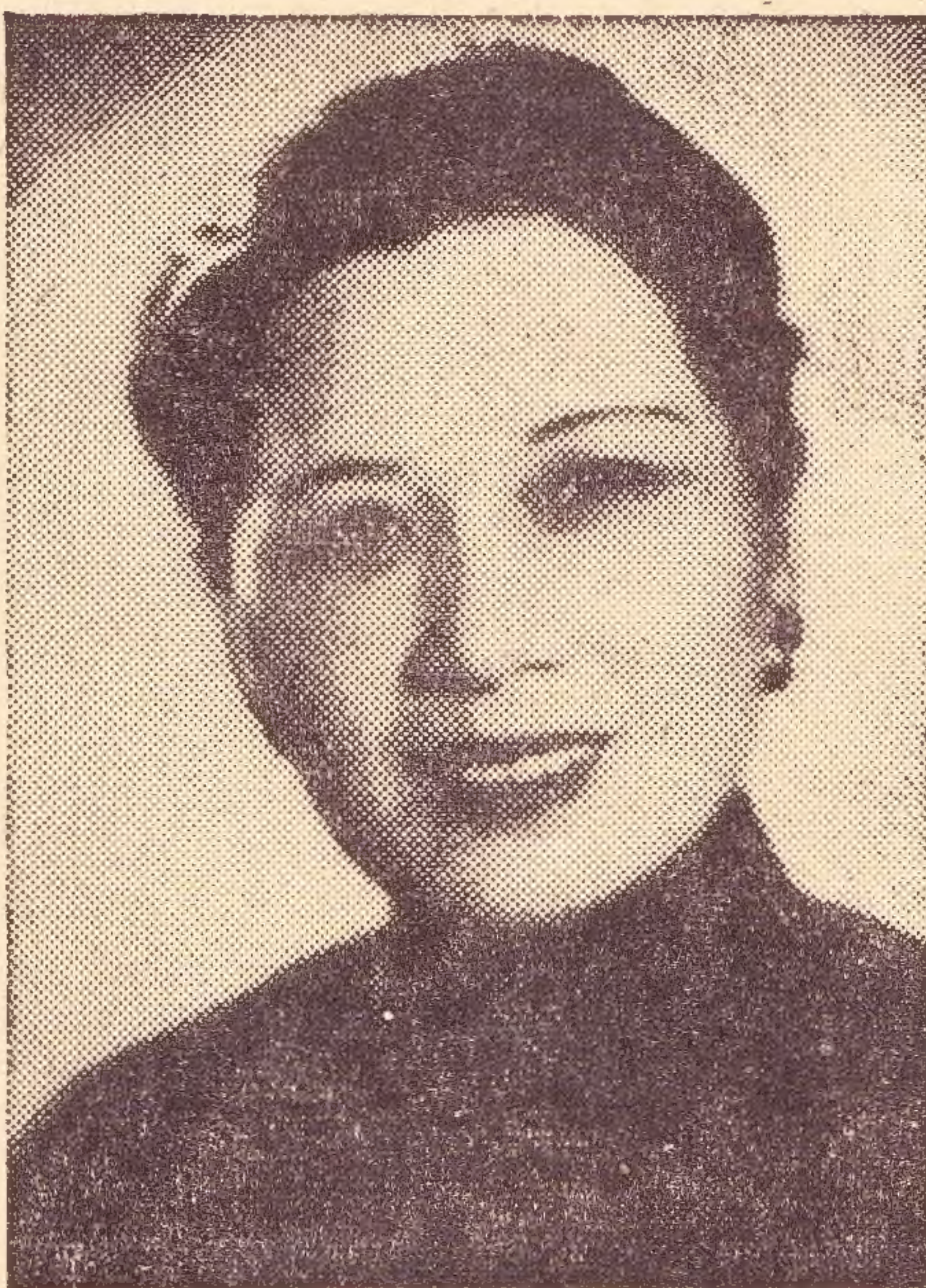
"It is an ill wind that doesn't blow some good somewhere," Madame Chiang writes. "We have had a bad time of it, as you know. But again good has come out of evil, for terrible as our sufferings and losses have been, our country has come through pain to a new stature, and, above everything, has found its soul. That is a triumph. There is no question of the high spirit of our people. It is resolute and their determination to continue resisting is unshaken.

"No adequate estimate of China's powers of resistance can be formed by anyone who has not witnessed the endurance of our people in the penetrated areas, nor observed what is going on in China's far west.

"In this vast region a new China is in the making. You who know China would thrill at the sight of the mounting industries and materialized endeavor to keep the pulse of China throbbing with life, and hope, and determination.

"It would all be new to your eyes, amazing to your mind, and, I am sure, stimulating to your whole being—not only the panorama of construction, but the atmosphere of resoluteness, the picture of personal industry, and the revelation of the transcendent spirit now animating our people. There is a genuine exhilaration in experiencing their calm, their control, their confidence.

"It is difficult to imagine the great change that has come over this western country. All of it is connected by highways—and more and more are being made. Railways, too, are being laid, as to their railbeds, though we have no rails—but we will get them in time. For instance, 340 miles of standard gauge railbed is under construction to connect Chungking to Chengtu. It is benched around the many hills



—Courtesy of Montreal Star.

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

from here to near Neikiang (nearly halfway to Chengtu), where a branch will be made southwards to Suifu, to meet the line being made from Kunming to the latter place on the Yangtze. Once a regular flow of materials can be assured, the line can be in operation within 12 to 18 months.

"The line from Kunming (Yunnanfu) to Suifu, when it is finished, will be of material help, for it will begin from the line already operating in Yunnan. It will be 490 miles long, and is of meter gauge, as is the existing railway in Yunnan province. About one-third of the earthwork, tunneling, etc., has been completed.

"So that the Yunnan-Szechuan and Hunan-Kwangsi lines might be linked together a line is being built from Liuchow, in Kwangsi province, to Kweiyang, in Kweichow province. It will be 400 miles long.

"These railways (and the existing highways) are going to make a permanent difference to these hitherto remote provinces. Up till recently they scarcely knew each other, owing to difficulties of travel. From Chungking to Kweiyang, for instance, took 16 days' travel over high mountains, the path being a narrow stone-paved one. Sixteen days were also necessary to get from Kweiyang to Kunming (Yunnanfu). Now an airplane does the whole, erstwhile 32 days' trip, in about three or four hours, and a motor car does it in four days, under war conditions, which means crowded roads and badly cut-up ones.

"I mention this aspect of progress

merely to show what this new spirit in China means when translated into activity and practically applied to the face of the country. Traffic will be easier, swifter, and cheaper in all directions. The people will be traveling in all ways as soon as they get the chance, for what people are greater lovers of travel than the Chinese? Provincial jealousies will be, and are already being, broken down, and co-operation is destined to develop everywhere. There will be more compact and better administration, and consequently there will be more tranquility, and progress.

"The New Life Movement has already shown the people how to be worth-while citizens; how to improve their home environment; how to help each other. Hygiene is foremost in its teachings, and industrial co-operatives for women are being set up wherever possible. Both heads, hearts, and hands are stimulated for the betterment of everyone.

"In addition to the village industries which the New Life Movement galvanizes into co-operatives there is the separate Industrial Co-operative Movement. It is doing wonders to get the wheels of industry going.

The workers are co-operating everywhere with tremendous enthusiasm and co-operatives of all kinds are springing up throughout all of free China, and are penetrating into other sections. Their products are made from local raw materials, are sold rapidly, and there is an increasing demand for them. They produce coal and gold; make boats, boots and bags; shoes and socks; weave cloth, make leather, carts, candy, soap and food-stuffs. There are machine shops, iron smelters, and wood-workers of all kinds in full operation. 'And the cry is: Still they come.'

"The women are mobilizing with a will. They are trained for service in and behind the lines. They help the soldiers and the people. They teach new ways of life and new lines of thought—all aiming at the elevation and improvement of conditions in towns and villages. Perhaps the advance of China's womanhood into the sphere of actual war activity is one of the most remarkable aspects of this tragic period through which we are passing." (Signed).

"Yours sincerely,

Mayling Soong Chiang

(Madame Chiang Kai-Shek)"

(Canadian Christian Dollars For China: see Page 10.)

"We must not only win the war, we must win peace."

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MAY 24, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : The meek will He guide in judgment the meek will He teach His way.—Ps. 25:9.

Mon. : Blessed are the meek.—Matt. 5:5.

Tue. : A man's heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps.—Prov. 16:9.

Wed. : Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the Heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.—Psa. 123:1, 2.

Thu. : Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.—Ps. 143:8.

Fri. : O our God, wilt Thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee.—11 Chron. 20:12.

Sat. : If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—Jas. 1:5.

When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.—John 16:15.

Note:—When I accept the Spirit of truth, He will guide me into all truth.

This Prayer Opens House of Lords

Almighty God, by whom alone kings reign and princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom and understanding; we, Thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in Thy name, do most humbly beseech Thee to send down Thy heavenly wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations; and grant that we, having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be the glory of Thy blessed name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, the safety honour and happiness of the King, the public health, peace and tranquility of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons within the same in true Christian love and charity one towards another.—

"COME, as when doors were shut
Thou came'st of yore,
And visitedst Thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love
and joy,
For Thou art here!"

DISCOVERIES

By A. E. H.

IF we want to discover anything we have to do our part in looking for the thing that we expect to discover. I found that this works in Spiritual things as well as material things,

If Christopher Columbus had just sat down and said, "Yes I believe there is this land" and had not set out to discover it; he certainly would not have found it; and if we believe that there is a Christ and do not discover Him as our personal Saviour we have not found Him either, and we do not know Him.

I am glad to say that I discovered that Christ was my personal Saviour many years ago. I can assure you that it was a wonderful discovery, great joy came into my life. To let Jesus come into our hearts and to get acquainted with Him is the first thing that we must do, and we will find that He is a wonderful friend, but I found that this was only the beginning, I had to keep on discovering—seeking—finding co-working with Him. Christ in all his perfection learned obedience, growing in "Wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man" and if we do not make that same growth we are bound to become stale. There will be a feeling of defeat, lack of real faith, courage love and patience. That is the

A Valediction (To L.R.S. and Others)

At duty's call you answered instantly;
No cheering crowds to speed your silent going:

And,—save for vacant chairs and aching hearts,—
We who are left seem careless and unknowing.

But no! the soul of Canada is stirred
More deeply by the splendor of your giving,

Who offer for us life and all most dear,
That all most dear be safe, and life worth living.

O loyal hearts! we give you more than cheers,—

Across the sea you take our hearts, our prayers!

—Grace Pollard in Montreal Star.

"Meditate upon these Things"

1 Timothy 4:15

1. Meditation—inward.
2. Surrender—upward.
3. Testimony—outward.

—S. A.

place where I found myself five years ago.

God came to my rescue telling me that I must be re-adjusted, before I could become useful to Him again, and I discovered that when I was willing to say "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within me" old things were taken away and all things became new. God always replaces with something better than he has taken away. The cleansing of my thought life has taken away resentment and criticism of others and has been replaced with a Christ-like love for others whom I had found difficult to associate with before. I only want now to see the good in others, to kindle the tiny spark so that it may become a living fire for God.

Jesus believed in Matthew, knowing his worst He believed in His best. I have discovered that God replaces fear and worry with faith and trust, with courage and better health. He has replaced my self-pity with a desire to put Christ first, people second and self last.

I have discovered that when I listen God speaks. Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer and faith, except that which lies outside the Will of God, and I am sure that discoveries will never cease in the "Abundant Life of Christ."

Young People's Bible Reading

Usefulness—Test of Value

by BUREAU

for Sunday

JUNE 2, 1940.

Ezek. 15:1-6;
Matt. 5:13-16;
I Cor. 10:6, 7

WE read the story of "the first captivity" in 2 Kings 24:8-16, 2 Chronicles 36:9, 10. This was in 597 B.C. Besides the king and his family the Chaldeans carried away "all the princes . . . and all the craftsmen and smiths and all that were strong and apt for war."

Jeremiah, as we saw, remained with the people who were left and tried to influence them and the new king Zedekiah, so as to avoid policies which would result in the destruction of the city and of the Jewish state.

Among those who were carried to Babylon was a young priest named Ezekiel. His name means "God strengthens" or "God is strong". He must often have heard Jeremiah preach.

Chaldea was a flat country enclosed by two great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Chaldeans had a great system of irrigation. The remains of their canals are still to be seen. Some of them, I understand, have been renewed since the Great War.

Ezekiel with a colony of exiles was set to work near one of these canals known as the river Chebar. He was a thoughtful young fellow, and one who loved his people. One day while near the river he saw a great storm rising. The glowing sky and the strange cloud-shapes became a picture bringing a message of God to his heart.

Many strange providences were happening to his nation. These providences were as "wheels within wheels." But God is strong and is controlling all and ruling over all. This in a few words is what the vision meant to Ezekiel.

A PROPHET IN EXILE

EZEKIEL felt the call to bring God's messages to his fellow exiles. The first message was a sad and tragic one. There were false prophets among the exiles who made light of the sin of the people and told them that they would soon be home again. Ezekiel saw that the folly of King Zedekiah would end in the destruction of Jerusalem and in a long captivity. He had to tell this to the people.

Having little stone the Chaldeans were great brick makers. Ezekiel took a large tile or slab of clay and began to draw a plan of Jerusalem on it. As the exiles came round to see what he was doing he made a model of a siege. Each day, lying down behind a big iron plate, he, as it were, directed operations. People used to come after their work and, as he moved his model armies, he would take the siege as his text.

Though lowly here our lot may be
High work have we to do.
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was weary too.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed.
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright:
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

—W. Gaskell.

* * *

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Thomas Carlyle.

He used other object lessons as the siege proceeded. Some of them are so strange that probably they were only imagined and described.

Jerusalem fell after a two years' siege (2 Kings 25:1-12) Ezekiel continued to speak to the people, carrying on his mission for at least 22 years.

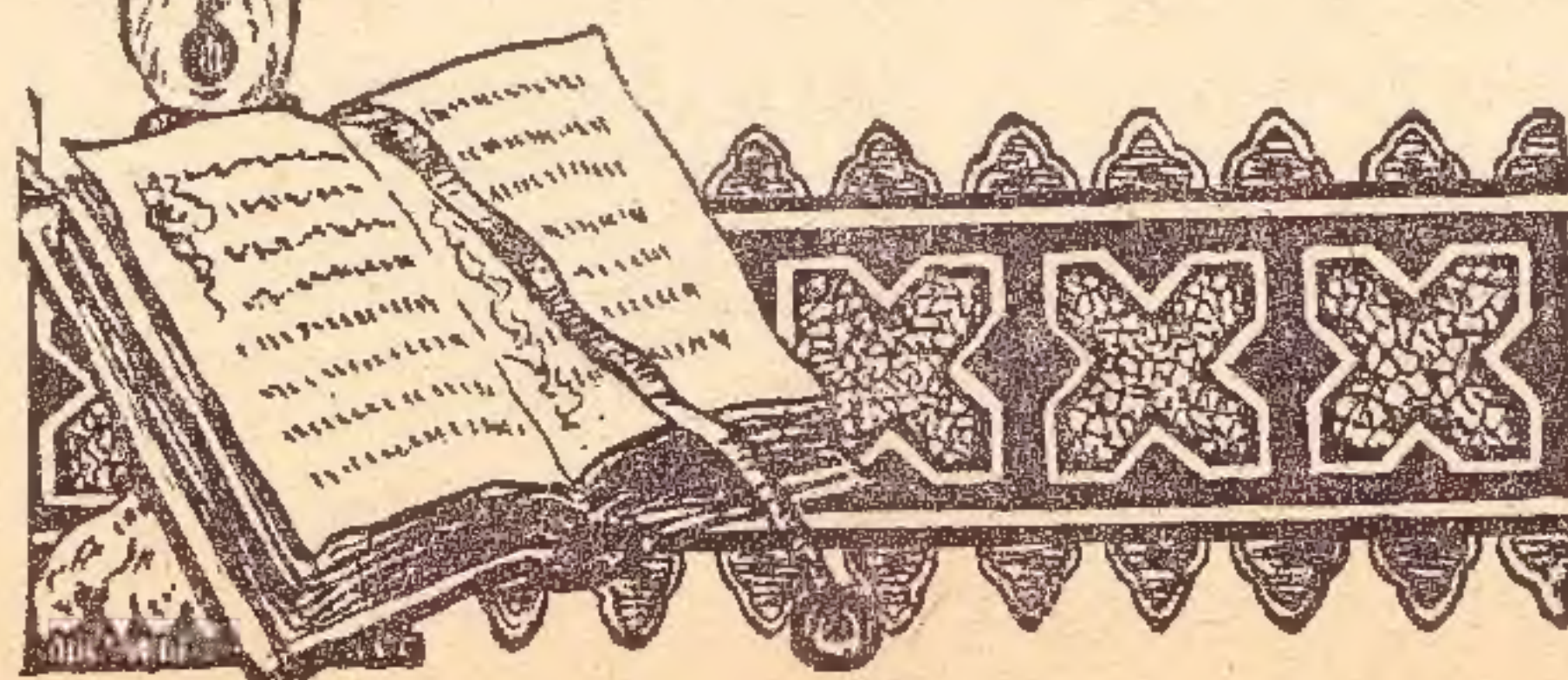


By their fruits ye shall know them.
—Matthew 7:16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM MAY 27 TO JUNE 2, 1940.

Mon.—Ezekiel 15:1-6
Tue.—Matt. 5:13-16
Wed.—Matt. 7:16-20
Thu.—Mark 11:12-14
Fri.—I Cor. 10:6, 7.
Sat.—Matt. 25:34-46
Sun.—Psalm 1:1-6



He was a most interesting preacher, so that sometimes people came to hear him merely as to an entertainment. (33:30-35) This to a man like Ezekiel must have been much worse than threats or opposition.

But many came with honest hearts and Ezekiel was able to help them to live close to God even though they were in exile. One of his grand phrases was "They shall know that I am the Lord."

Another phrase which he frequently uses is "the fury of the Lord." Remember that this latter phrase is Old Testament Eastern language. Even the greatest prophets only saw God dimly. God's character is revealed to us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. But our Saviour was sometimes angry, especially at anything mean or unkind.

Our first passage today is one of Ezekiel's little sermons. Sarcasm might awaken the people so he uses sarcasm.

Remember that the vine in Scripture is the symbol of joy. It is often used as the symbol of Israel. (Psa. 80:8-16; Isa. 5:1-7; Jer. 2:21; Hosea 10:1)

Ezekiel takes up Jeremiah's parable. (Jer. 2:21) Yes, he says, Israel is a vine, but a wild vine. (v. 2 R.V.)

"It is the most worthless of trees. Its wood is of no use for any purpose, being too weak even to make a peg of. A vine branch that happens to be half-burnt is even more worthless than it was before. Jerusalem is such a half-burnt vine, already charred by the first captivity. It is only fit for fuel and will be wholly consumed.

"From one fire and another fire . . . Jerusalem has survived one captivity, but will be overtaken by a second and final disaster." (Dummelow)

This was a short sermon, but all the better for that, as people would remember and think over it.

The Bible is the most practical of Books. It demands right through that a man, an institution, or a nation must both "be good" and be "good for something."

Judgment is pronounced on the "nations" (Matt. 25:21-46) not for the wrong things they have done, but for the good things they have left undone.

"THE SALT OF THE EARTH"

WE find this thought in today's New Testament selections. "Ye are the salt of the earth." "The disciples are the element in the world which keeps it wholesome." (Allen)

"The disciples are warned against the danger of losing the qualities of Christ. (Please turn to Page 8.)

THE PHYSICIANS' VERDICT

This is one of the most dreadful evils of alcohol, that it kills insidiously, as if it were doing no harm, as if it were doing good, while it is destroying life.—Sir Benjamin W. Richardson.

I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions—Sir W. Gull.

There is no greater cause of evil morally or physically in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages.—Sir Henry Thompson.

"Help the weak when you are strong,
Help the old while you are young.
Confess your fault when in the wrong
When you're angry, hold your tongue."

"Teetotallers have done wonderful work in the face of much contumely. What we owe to them it is difficult to realise. There is still great need for reform, but no one can deny the change in national habits and point of view."—The late Lord Riddell.

"There is no wastage in the country at all comparable with the waste on drink."—"The Spectator."

USEFULNESS

(Continued from Page 7.)

tian character which make them valuable." (Box)

"Salt preserves food from corruption, and seasons it, making it wholesome and acceptable. So the disciples are to purify the society in which they move, setting a good example and counter-acting every corrupt tendency. For this purpose their Christianity must be genuine." (Dummelow)

The salt used in Palestine was strongly impregnated with lime. When exposed to rain or sunlight the salt would dissolve. What was left might look like salt, but was good for nothing,—except, (it is said) that in slippery weather it was sometimes thrown on the temple steps or other pavements to be "trodden under foot of men."

Ye are the light of the world.—Elsewhere our Lord says of Himself, "I am the Light of the world." (John 8:12) As the planets shine by the light of the sun we shine by His light. "The disciples are to enlighten the world as its teachers and also by the examples of their lives." (Dummelow)

(Use the hymns "Jesus bids us shine" and "Brightly beams our Father's mercy.")

A city set on a hill.—People will note the character of Christians.

The Jewish Church of our Lord's

AN ALLY TO ENEMY

In 1936 Lloyd George in a foreword to Lord Snowden's pamphlet, "End This Colossal Waste," wrote: "During the war, drink was rotting our national effort at equipment in a deadly fashion. It became a choice between alcohol and victory. Only by taking stern measures to restrict the use of liquor were we able to maintain the industrial activity which carried us through."

Again drink is playing its old role as a dangerous ally of the enemy forces. "Have we any right to expect a victory over our external foe if we do not combat this foe within our own borders?"

At the beginning of the Great War prohibition was urged to conserve food-stuffs by the Board of Control. This measure of restriction made a spectacular drop in cases of convictions for drunkenness—188,000 in 1913 to 29,000 in 1918 for men and from 36,000 to 7,000 for women. The results of this increased efficiency was less lost time, fewer accidents and soldiers had more shells. Great Britain had to restrict liquor in order to get shells to the front.—Dr. Little.

I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.—St. Matthew xii. 36.

day kept itself "separate from the world" largely by ritual observances. This is not enough. Separateness by absence from "worldly amusements" is not enough.

The true distinction should be in character. In home life, in business, in sport, in politics, in all relations, the Christian must live by the highest standards. If he fail in this he lets his religion down badly.

"Neither do men light a lamp." (R. V.) "The image is drawn from humble life—the one-roomed house. The lamp when it had been prepared, had to be placed—where? Obviously not under the wooden measure in which the day's bread would be measured, but high up on the lamp-stand, so that its rays can be diffused all over the single room." (Box)

Let your light so shine.—This command does not contradict Matt. 6:2-4. Its primary reference is to collective good works of the Christian brotherhood, "'Our light is to shine forth though we conceal it,' says St. Hilary. Origen and other writers testify that the good works of Christians did more to convert the world than miracles or preaching." (Dummelow)

By their fruits.—People may make a great show of religion but their character is the true test.

Do men gather.—Much truth is compressed in the short sentence. Charac-

ter is the outcome of the inner life. Note that in the next verse our Lord uses the very same words as John the Baptist (Mat. 3:10) The warning was fulfilled 40 years afterwards in the fall of the Jewish nation.

SOCIAL DANGERS

ST. PAUL writing to the Christians in Corinth, warns them by what happened to the Israelites in the wilderness. These had been delivered from Egypt and blessed by God in many different ways.

"The cloud denoting the presence of God was over them, the water of the Red Sea on either side of them. Their passage through the sea was a break with the old life in Egypt; it definitely committed them to Moses' guidance, was in effect a profession of discipleship to him; they were thus 'baptized unto Moses'." (Dummelow)

The Israelites accepted the privilege of their high calling, but renounced its responsibility."

They were "examples" to be avoided. They lusted after the flesh-pots of Egypt. They professed to worship God, even when they made the golden "calf". But they lowered their thought of Him. Thought as always worked out in action. "The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." Their mind centred on indulgence and on pleasure.

They cared nothing about holiness, nothing about duty. The Corinthians similarly were inclined to hanker after heathen pleasures.

Wood unfit for use, salt without salt-ness, thorns and thistles incapable of bearing grapes or figs, people who cared only for self-indulgence and pleasure, these indeed are "examples to be avoided" in a world where service is the great test of value.

The temptation to lower our standards comes in one way or another to everyone.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

We must be "on guard." But the Christian life is not a bundle of negatives. It is full of cheer. It is well-ordered "self-controlled" because our "selves" have found rest and help and strength in God.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Ezekiel mean by his parable of the vine?
2. What does our Lord mean by "Ye are the salt of the earth?"
3. What does He mean by "Ye are the light of the world?"
4. What by "A city set on a hill"?
5. "By their fruits—". Complete the verse.
6. To get good fruit what sort of tree must we have?
7. What was the trouble with the Israelites in the passage quoted by St. Paul?

More About the Planets

Rudimentary Forms of Life Possible on Mars — When Meteors Fall to Earth

WE have seen that, to the ancient astronomers, the planets were merely wandering stars, which did not keep their station with the others. When Galileo pointed his telescope on them, he found they had perceptible discs and were not mere bright points like the stars.

Venus was crescent-shaped like the Moon, and therefore shone by reflected Sunlight. Jupiter had four Moons accompanying him and circulating round him. In this way Galileo discovered that the planets were large bodies like the Earth, and like it circulated round the Sun. He was followed by Newton who discovered the law of universal gravitation. By this means he was able to compare the mass of the Sun, and of all the planets which had satellites, with that of the Earth.

Here is a table which gives details compared with the Earth of all the planets which can be easily seen with the naked eye.

	Distance (Million miles)	Period of Revolution	Mass
Mercury	40	88 dys.	0.04
Venus	67	225 "	0.80
Earth	93	1.0 yr.	1.00
Mars	140	1.9 yrs.	0.11
Jupiter	480	11.8 "	317
Saturn	890	29.5 "	95

The telescope has told us a great deal about the planets, and the spectroscope still more. The spectroscope is an instrument which examines the light after it has been broken up with its colors. The light bears evidence of its origin and what it has passed through in transit.

Thus, sunlight, and light reflected from the planets, show the presence of water vapor in the Earth's atmosphere, and if it has come through any appreciable part of a planet's atmosphere, reveals its nature. Certain dark lines or bands crossing the bright spectrum indicate the nature of the atmosphere which has absorbed them.

LIFE ON MARS?

MERCURY has no appreciable atmosphere. Being very near the Sun, it is very hot. Its small mass and high temperature have enabled its atmosphere to escape. It turns the same face to the Sun and rotates on its axis in 88 days. In many respects Mercury is like the Moon.

VENUS on the contrary is covered with a dense cloud which shields it from the full force of the Sun's heat.

By SIR FRANK DYSON, F.R.S.

(late Astronomer-Royal)

Its size is very like the Earth. We do not know certainly how fast it rotates on its axis, but in all probability takes a number of days. We might anticipate that it would be possible for life to exist on Venus, shielded as it is by clouds. But the spectroscope shows no sign of oxygen or water vapor in its atmosphere, but indicates carbon dioxide. So, on the whole, we are inclined to reject the pleasing idea that life exists on the planet.

MARS has two little moons discovered by a large telescope at Washington. The question of the abode of life on this planet has been considered very fully by astronomers.

The general opinion is that only very rudimentary forms of life are possible. Markings are seen on the planet, and particularly white caps at the poles. These caps decrease in the summer, and are most likely ice or snow. They cannot be very deep, for there is hardly any water vapor in the atmosphere, and no oxygen. It has been suggested that the oxygen has been used up in the surface rocks, and the red color of

its axis in 10 hours, and in consequence shows a bulge at its equator. The planet whose outer temperature is no higher than liquid air is covered by a very dense atmosphere. This consists of ammonia (NH₃) and marsh gas (CH₄). It is surmised that beneath this atmosphere there may be a very thick layer of ice, resting on a core of rock. These inferences are in agreement with the mean density of the planet which is less than a quarter of the density of the Earth.

SATURN has a unique feature in its ring which can be seen in a small telescope. The ring is very narrow, and consists of very small bodies which revolve round the planet. The nature of the ring was discovered by mathematical considerations and afterwards verified by observation. By means of the spectroscope it has been shown that the ring does not revolve like a solid body, but the inner part moves faster than the outer part, just as separate satellites would do. Saturn has many Moons. The largest was discovered by Huggens in 1665 and can be seen with a small telescope. Four more were found by Cassini in 1700 and two by Sir William Herschel in 1789. Two smaller ones have been found since. Like Jupiter, Saturn is very cold and has an extensive atmosphere of ammonia and marsh gas.

URANUS was unknown to the ancient astronomers and was discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1781 who saw that it had a visible disc. It can be seen as a very faint star by a person of good sight. Uranus is about twice as far from the Sun as Saturn. The planet is very cold, and resembles Jupiter and Saturn in its general features. There are four Satellites circulating round Uranus which can only be seen in very large telescopes.

ROUND IN 165 YEARS

NEPTUNE was discovered in 1846 by the calculations of two astronomers. The planet Uranus was deviating from its orbit, although allowance had been made for the attractions

of Jupiter and Saturn. Two astronomers, Leverrier in Paris and Adams in Cambridge, assuming that this deviation was caused by the attraction of an external planet, set to work to find where the planet was. They both succeeded, and Adams was rather unlucky in not having his prediction verified (Continued on Page 12.)

Insolvent

*A million debts we owe, and cannot pay:
To God, for Life's eternal wonderment;
To mothers, for their sacrificial way;
And toiling fathers, patiently content;*

*Husbands and wives, for lives sublimely blent
In helpfulness; to children's eyes that say
Their trustful love; to tears and merriment
Shared with dear friends through life's long vibrant day:*

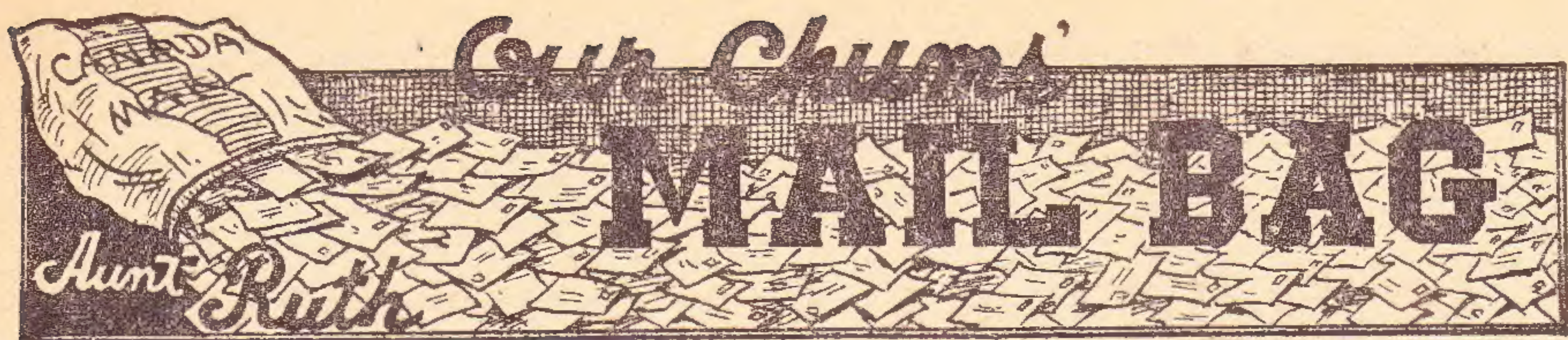
*And to the well-loved earth, and every ray
From sun and moon and star; and sound and scent
And sight of Beauty at her myriad play
By land and sea and the vast firmament;
We cannot pay—only with heart and voice
In utter thankfulness, praise and rejoice.*

—Elliott Bowden in *Woman's Magazine*.

the planet may be due to rust, i.e., the oxide of iron.

SATURN'S RING

JUPITER is a huge planet. Four large moons were discovered by Galileo in 1610, and five very small ones have been found in the last 50 years with very large telescopes. It rotates on



DEAR CHUMS,—

In our front page this week are the words of our future Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, in his recent broadcast to Canada. He tells how happy he and Princess Alice are at having been chosen to come to Canada, and says, "We are eager to see your great country and to take up our life there." It is a great thrill to us to have them so eager and so whole-hearted. We certainly are looking forward to their coming. The Earl, uncle to our King, takes the same kindly interest in people that His Majesty showed in his Canadian tour last summer. Just as the King was always quick to recognize among a crowd the men who had served their country in the last war and had a friendly word and thought for them, so the Earl has shown his concern for our fighting men and for all those on whom the strain of war falls. He said in a broadcast last December, "Our thoughts go out . . . to all who are facing special sacrifice or danger. We are grateful for their courage and devotion. We pray that their labor may not be in vain and that their victory will open the way towards the new world we are endeavoring to build."

Princess Alice has done her share of war service splendidly in leading the women of England in their work for Air Raid Precautions and the various other tasks undertaken by women.

We in Canada, especially the youth of Canada, and that means you, Chums, must measure up to the ideals of our leaders. We have a wonderful chance to lay the foundations for a better world by starting right here in Canada. We really could take to ourselves Lord Athlone's words, "We hope to be worthy the great privileges and the opportunity which lie before us."

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

TO MARJORIE MCHANSON FROM
THEO-MARIE CORAY

Dear Marjorie,—I was very glad to hear from you. Did you enter the Riddle Contest? I did.

I have been a Guide for nearly two years. All the Guides of Victoria are planning a garden party at "Open House." I've never been to the Government House and I'm looking forward to it very much. The Vancouver Guides have invited the Victoria Guides to a ceremony to be held in Stanley Park on June 1st. Have you been to Guide camp? I haven't but I hope to go some time.

What is the name of the village where you live? Victoria has a population of about 63,000.

My hobbies are stamp collecting, knitting, embroidery and reading.

I belong to the Y.W.C.A. and I go every Tuesday night. The club I belong to is called "Y-Owenca" which means "Loyalty". I was elected Refreshment Convener of the club and I have a wonderful time thinking up surprises for the girls. Do you belong to any clubs?

Well, I must close now, hoping to hear from you soon. Your pen-pal,—Theo-Marie Coray.

Dear Sirs,—I am just writing a few lines to let you know how much I appreciate your sending me the Northern Messenger. I am thanking whoever sent my name in, because I don't think I could receive a better paper than the Northern Messenger.

I was wondering whether I could get a pen pal. Doesn't matter where from. My pen name is "Sporty". I am 14 years old, birthday August 19, and am in Grade Nine. My best hobby is stamp collecting, trading Queen and King pictures. I like to hear from a boy from England, but I will appreciate names from other places or from overseas.

This will be all for now. Your sincere pal,—Viola Lambert, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a girl of eleven years. My birthday is March 27. I have one sister and six

* * *

* This Week's Star Correspondent *

* THEO-MARIE CORAY *

* Honorable Mention *

* VIOLET LAMBERT *

* * *

brothers. I go to school. I am in Grade IV. My teacher's name is Miss MacKinnon. There are 44 children in my room. For my pet I have a cat. Her name is Skippie.

My sports are running races, jumping the rope, roller skating, ice skating and swimming. Your new friend,—Barbara Nickerson, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—This is my first letter to your page.

I am in grade 1 at school. I like it very much. I was 7 years old March 4th and my sister was 5 on the 31st of March. Our birthdays are in the same month but she is 5. I will close now love to you and the Chums, your friend.—Chesley J. Hornibrook.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter, and I hope Aunt Ruth and the Chums are all well. I live in Ontario. I have one brother and one sister. My sister is eighteen, going to high school, my brother is one year and nine months old. I am nine and in Grade V at school. I will be in Grade 6 at June. There are four in my class. I have a black dog for a pet. I hope all the chums and Aunt Ruth had a nice Easter holiday. Now I will close as my letter is too long. A new Chum,—Betty Ball.

TO NORMA JEAN WRIGHT FROM
ISABELLA JEAN ROBERTSON

Dear Norma,—I am very sorry to say that the letter in the Messenger addressed to Norma Jean Robertson was a misprint and should have been addressed to you. If you did not read it here are some hints. I am 5 ft. tall and weigh about 90 pounds. I have brown hair and eyes. I go to Crossland School. I am 13 on this coming May 24th and am in Grade 8 at school.

Well, I will close. Please write soon. —Isabella Jean Robertson, Ontario.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded		
to Official Treasurer	\$459.43	
Further Contributions	204.33	
"A. A. M. N. S."	\$5.00	
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"Sister", Que.	4.00	
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M.L.C., Havana, Cuba	1.00	
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Mr. and Mrs. N. Brown, Ont. .	5.18	77.33
Total		\$741.25

The Violet Hunt

By PAULINE C. BOUVE

"WHO wants to go flower-hunting with me to-day?" asked Aunt Mary, one morning.

"I do!" "And I!" "And I!" exclaimed Amy and Bessie and Kate.

"I thought it was too early for wild flowers; I mean for anything but common violets," said Alice, who was twelve years old and rather in the habit of making objections.

"Alice need not go if she likes to stay at home better."

"Oh, I'll go along," replied the little girl, hastily. "I like cookies and sandwiches."

"I want to find some 'common violets,'" said Aunt Mary. "I never have seen any in my life. Come on, children." And off they started, a gay little party. After they had found a shady spot and eaten the cookies and lettuce sandwiches, each child started off on the hunt.

When they came back with their hands full of the delicate blue flowers, Aunt Mary took one of the blossoms in her fingers.

"This is one of the first bee-flowers in the world," she remarked. "It and the bee came about the same time. The first violets were sweet, which these our American wood-violets, are not, but they all date back to the same family ancestor. The busy little honey-maker and the sweet violet were made for each other, and both have been useful to people. Alice does not know that her common wild flower is quite a travelled flower person," she added.

"Travelled? How do you mean?" asked Alice.

* * *

"I MEAN it grows in widely separated parts of the world. In Greece its name is ion. The Ionian Islands are so called because they were covered with violets. It has other names, too; that is, its cousins, which are really all violets in truth, are called hearts-ease and love-in-idleness and three-poets-under-a-hood, sometimes."

"See, the leaves of this one look like a bird's foot."

"Why, yes. This is a bird-foot violet. That is the name given to those whose leaves are divided like a bird's foot. Then in Europe there is the bi-flora, two-flower or double violet, and all of you have seen the lovely Parma violets. We have to cultivate them to get anything so fine."

"I didn't know there were so many kinds of violets," said Alice.

"Then, too, they have been closely connected with royalty. The fleur-de-lis, which was originally the fleur-de-Louis, because a King Louis of France chose it for his favorite and used it as

the emblem on the French flag was really a dark blue or purple violet. Strange to say, it was the great Emperor Napoleon's favorite flower, also. When he was sent to Elba after his downfall, he sent word to his friends, 'I will come again in the springtime.'

"And they all wore violet-colored badges, and used to say, 'Do you like violets?' as a watchword. If the answer was, 'Ah, well, it will come again in the springtime,' they knew they were with the emperor's friends.

"So you see, Alice, your common violet is quite an aristocrat. But there is something else unlike other flowers about this little bluebell. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Why, the way it hangs its head down from its stem," said the children.

"Yes, you are right," said Aunt Mary.

"See, that is because its green leaves

Listen, my boy; I've a word for you;
And this is the word: Be true! be true!
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl; I've a word for you;
'Tis the very same: Be true! be true!
For the truth is the sun and falsehood
the night.

Be true, little maid, and stand for the
right. —Old Verse.



clasp it. I don't mean the big heart-shaped leaves, but the little cap beneath it—nearly half-way up the length of the petals, so that it droops down gracefully and shyly. This is a very uncommon arrangement in flowers."

"That's why poets call it modest and lovely, I suppose," said Alice.

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "but we must go home now and plant some of these in Amy's wild-flower garden."—"The Youth's Companion."

THE COMPLETE FARMER

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Smith who bought a farm. He was not a very rich man, and by the time he had paid for the farm he had only enough money left to buy the necessary things to run the farm for the first year and to buy food and clothes for himself, his wife, and children. And so, as you can see, it was essential that in the first year he should have good crops in his fields and lots of vegetables in his garden and loaded fruit trees.

GETTING READY

FROM the very first day Mr. Smith worked hard. First he ploughed his fields thoroughly and did all he could to make the ground suitable for sowing the seeds. Then he turned his attention to the garden. He cleared away the weeds and grass and dug the ground, and planned vegetables to grow there. Then he attended to the trees in his orchard. He cut off the dead twigs and branches, which he knew hindred the trees from bearing fruit, and grafted new pieces on to the young trees and did all he could to make sure of a good crop.

Next he bought the best seed he could get and sowed them in his fields and garden. When this was finished he went through his accounts and found that he had spent a good deal of money and he realised that it was more necessary than ever that he should have a good harvest.

As he looked at his fields and garden and orchard he felt very proud of them. He rubbed his hands together and said, "Ah! They look fine. I have

never seen any look better. I am sure I shall get good crops, and then I shall soon get back what I have spent on them and in a few years be a rich man."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION

The next day, while he was at market, he met old Farmer Giles. They had lunch together, and Mr. Smith, who knew Farmer Giles was an excellent farmer, invited him to come and look around his farm.

Farmer Giles came, and as they were looking round the farm Mr. Smith told Farmer Giles very proudly of the great care he had taken in preparing his ground and of having bought the best seeds, and remarked that he had left nothing undone that would help towards a good harvest.

All the time Mr. Smith was talking Farmer Giles looked puzzled. He could see that his friend had done all he could towards making a good harvest, but he knew that he had not said a single word about one most important thing; and so when Mr. Smith had finished his proud explanations Farmer Giles said:

"Yes, I must congratulate you. You have got the fields round wonderfully, and they look fine. But I am afraid you have left out one very important part of your preparations. You have done your part as well as any man possibly could, but have you remembered to ask God to do His part? You cannot have a good harvest, or even a harvest at all, unless you ask God to send the sunshine and the rain and the
(Please turn to Page 12.)

Animals as Postmen

EWEN K. PATTERSON

IN spite of the rapid increase in air-mail services in all countries, as a result of which our letters are carried half-way round the globe in a week, there are still many parts of the world where four-footed animals cannot be dispensed with for carrying mails and it is a fact that the longest individual mail routes in the world are those covered by "animal-postmen."

For instance, in the far north of Australia is the longest pack-horse mail service in the world.

This service is maintained in the wilds of the lonely Cape York Peninsula, where two faithful horses cover nearly 500 miles every month, delivering mails to isolated farmers, prospectors and missionaries.

For six years, without a break, the two horses, "Sally" and "Darky", have travelled over 36,000 miles with the mails—12,000 miles farther than the distance round the earth at the Equator.

An example of the dangers of the country through which the horses travel may be gained from a recent experience of Sally's. One day when drinking at a creek in the jungle, she was seized by the nose by a crocodile. Swift as lightning the horse swung her right leg and jabbed her hoof into the crocodile's eye, compelling the beast to immediately relinquish its hold.

* * *

CAMELS are used for carrying mails in Australia and several other countries, the world's longest camel-mail service being in Africa, where camels are employed on a mail route across the waterless Kalahari Desert. Once a month the animals cover a distance of 562 miles in 19 days. On the journey the camels receive no water, as none is available along the route, and they, as well as their driver, live chiefly on "tsama," a wild and juicy melon that grows profusely in parts of the treacherous desert.

Africa also has the longest bull-mail service in the world. This unusual service operates in the Sudan, between El Obeid, the capital of the Kordofan Province, and Talodi, a distance of 207 miles.

This service is used for only five months of the year—between June and November (the wet season), when heavy rains make the roads impassable for motor cars which are used during the dry months of the year.

The bulls employed for carrying the mails are the famous Kordofan bulls, very docile but strong and powerful animals. The mail-bags are loaded on their backs, and, accompanied by their

driver who sits astride the leading animals neck, the bulls cover the 207-mile journey in eight days.

India is another country where animals are extensively used for carrying mails; and in a series of new postage stamps recently issued in that country are two depicting animals used for carrying mails. These interesting stamps bear pictures of a horse-drawn tonga (a light two-wheeled vehicle) loaded with mail-bags and a bullock cart also carrying mails.—Our Dumb Animals.

C.G.I.T. IS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

THE C.G.I.T. in Canada is twenty-five years old. Let any one who doubts the greatness of the Movement study carefully its history says "The Maritime Baptist": Read of its achievements in terms of character-building. Picture what it has meant in the lives of thousands of Canadian girls. Listen to their thrilling stories. Then you will discover for yourself the greatness of C.G.I.T.—a truly great Movement—a Movement with a Purpose.

"As a Canadian Girl In Training
Under the leadership of Jesus

It is my purpose to
Cherish Health
Seek Truth
Know God
Serve Others

And thus with His help
Become the girl God would have me be."

THE COMPLETE FARMER

(Continued from Page 11.)

breezes to make your seeds and fruit grow and ripen. All your work will have been in vain unless God blesses the seed."

Mr. Smith was surprised to hear this. He had completely forgotten to ask God to make his seeds grow. He had always been to church at the harvest festivals to say "Thank you" to God for the harvest, but he had never troubled very much about asking Him in the spring to give the harvest in the autumn. But when he thought, he knew that Farmer Giles was right, and so he did ask God to send the sunshine and the rain and to make the seeds grow and ripen, so that there might be a good harvest in the autumn. —Church of England Newspaper.

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. That as the wood of the vine is useless so the nation of Israel had been useless.

2. That Christians must keep the world wholesome and clean.
3. That as a lamp gives light, they by their character must brighten up the world.
4. People will notice how Christians act.
5. "By their fruits ye shall know them."
6. We must have good trees.
7. They cared only for pleasure and self-indulgence.

It is said that the camel is the only animal that can not swim. Directly this valuable beast of burden loses its footing when passing through water, it turns on its side, making no effort to escape drowning.

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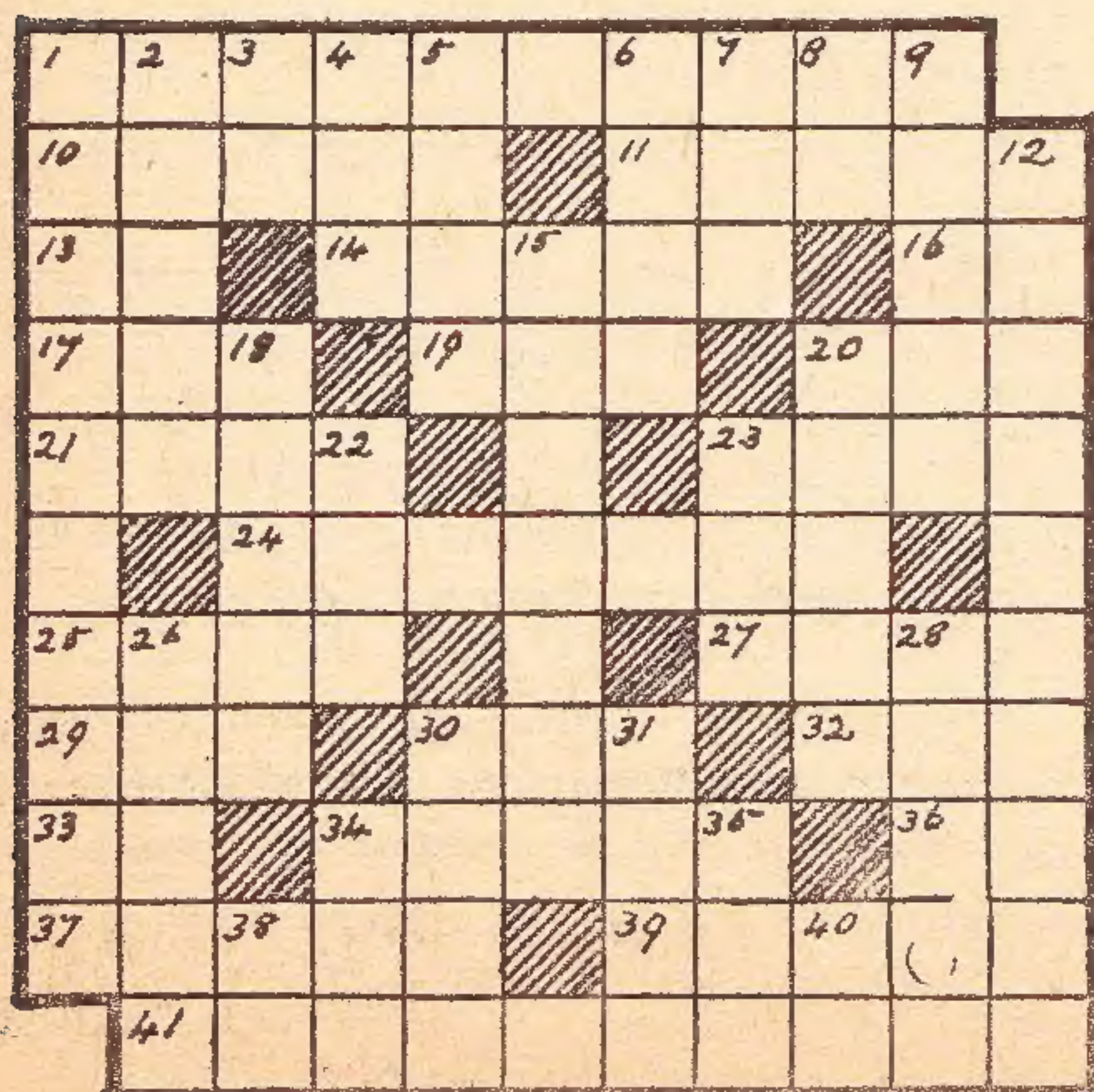
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. King of Assyria. 2 Kings 19:37.
10. "The love of — is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. 5:10.
11. Special sacrificial bread. Ex. 29:23.
13. Plural (abbr.).
14. David's wife put one in his bed to save his life. 1 Sam. 19:13.
16. Part of the verb "to be". Matt. 6:21.
17. Conducted. Gal. 5:18.
19. Compass point.
20. "The people which — in darkness saw great light." Matt. 4:16.
21. A minor prophet. Rom. 9:25.
23. Act foolishly. Jer. 50:36.
24. "What God hath joined together, let no man put —." Mark 10:9.
25. Any animal offered in sacrifice had to be a —. Lev. 1:3.
27. Compass point. Ps. 103:12.
29. Half name of 17th book of Bible.
30. A prophet sent to reprove David. 2 Sam. 24:11.
32. "The — is his, and he made it." Ps. 95:5.
33. Compass point.
34. "Now is Christ — from the dead." 1 Cor. 15:20.
36. Put 'ER' in the middle and you have a grammatical term.
37. Intent. Ex. 34:27.
39. A work of fiction.
41. Goliath's nationality. 1 Sam. 17:8.

Down

1. Occupation. Ezek. 39:14.
2. The bottom of the feet. Josh. 3:13.
3. One. Heb. 10:21.
4. One of David's head men. 1 Kings 1:8.
5. Jesus and his disciples sang one before Gethsemane. Mark 14:26.
6. Chief magistrate of Venice.
7. "If ye live after the flesh ye shall —." Rom. 8:13.
8. Put 'I' in the middle of a necessity of life. Neh. 5:11.



9. Father of the first king of the ten tribes of Israel. 1 Kings 12:15.
12. Disgusting. Ezek. 5:11.
15. The man who baptized Saul of Tarsus. Acts 9:17-18.
18. Acted. Luke 2:48.
20. The beggar Lazarus was full of them. Luke 16:20.
22. Compass point.
23. Condensed atmospheric moisture. 1 Kings 17:1.
26. Remove the third letter of a word meaning dormant. Mark 4:38.
28. Number of deacons ordained by the 12 Apostles. Acts 6:3.
30. A female child. Zech. 8:5.
31. Small sheltering caves. Heb. 11:38.
34. King (French).
35. Negative adverb. Ex. 20:17.
38. A State of the American union.
40. The number of cities of refuge. Numb. 35:6.

Rhyming Riddle

A Bird in Hiding

In the timber but not in the plank,
In the tinkle and also in clank,
In the apple but not in the pear,
In the caution and also in care,
In the pocket but not in coat,
In the coble and also in boat,
In the portion but not in the whole,
In the journey and also in stroll,
In the air but not in the tone,
My whole is a bird that is very well known.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

States in Confusion.—Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolina, Texas, Nebraska, Vermont, Colorado, Maine, New Mexico, New Hampshire.

Scrambled Islands.—1. Tasmania, 2. Hong Kong, 3. Zanzibar, 4. St. Helena, 5. Ceylon, 6. Jamaica.

Jumbled Empire.—1. South Africa, 2. Australia, 3. New Zealand, 4. Canada, 5. Newfoundland, 6. India.

Rhyming Riddle.—Victoria Day.

Mixed Lakes.—1. Louise, 2. Windermere, 3. Katrine, 4. Victoria Nyanza, 5. Killarney, 6. Ontario.

Twisted Rivers.—1. Ganges, 2. Thames, 3. Clyde, 4. St. Lawrence, 5. Liffey, 6. Humber.

THE NANCY B

(Continued from Page 4.)

"She's a dandy!"

Maurice nodded. All but her name. Her name was THE WHITE SWAN.

"She's a dandy. I guess business is looking up!"

Maurice was hunting up a can of gilt paint. Maurice was busy.

The White Swan. That was painted out. The Nancy B. "There," Maurice said when he had painted that name on the hull, "everything is perfect now, absolutely perfect!"

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. If it takes A and B six days to dig a hole how long would it take A and B to dig half a hole.
2. What runs up and down the stairs but never moves?
3. Constantinople is a hard word to spell, can you spell it?
4. A mouse found a basket with twelve ears of corn in it. If he took three ears away each night, how long would it take him to carry all the ears away?
5. What turns but never moves?
6. What letters in the alphabet are the hardest workers?
7. When is a black dog most likely to enter a bungalow?
8. When does a policeman need to be strong?
9. When have elephants eight feet?
10. Why is a dog dressed warmer in summer than in winter?—Sent in by Marion M. Eyre. (Answers next week).

HIS NEXT TASK

A very quiet boy, of studious habit, was apprenticed to a naturalist. He was willing enough, but painfully slow. After giving the canaries seed, a job that occupied him two hours, he said to his employer, "What shall I do now?"

"Well," replied the master, reflectively, "I think you may take the tortoise out for a run!"

The teacher had told the scholars that they could ask him any questions they liked.

One boy took the opportunity to ask a number of stupid questions which exasperated the master.

"How long can a donkey live without brains, sir?" asked the boy.

The master lost his patience. "Wait and see!" he snapped.

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FISH AND POTATO PIE

1 tablespoon flour, 3-4 lb. cooked fish, 3-4 lb. potatoes mashed, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 oz. butter, 1-2 pint milk, salt and pepper.

Make a white sauce with the butter, flour and milk, and season well. Divide the fish into small pieces or slices. Put half the potatoes into a greased pie dish. Add the fish, egg (sliced) and sauce in layers. Cover with the rest of the potatoes. Mark the edge with a fork. Brush over with egg or milk and bake for half an hour.

SALAD DRESSING

3 tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon salt, mayonnaise.

Mix the ingredients in the order given, adding just enough mayonnaise to bind. Chill thoroughly.

GINGER SPONGE

Ingredients: 1-4 cupful of butter, 1-4 cupful of sugar, 1 egg, 1-2 cupful of honey, 1 1-4 cupfuls of flour, 3-4 teaspoonful of soda, 1-2 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoonful of ginger, 1-4 teaspoonful of cloves, 1-4 teaspoonful of salt, 1-2 cupful of hot water.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1-2 to 1 cup hot water.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, the amount of hot water depending upon the consistency desired. This recipe makes 2 to 2 1-2 cups of sauce.

When is a Party a real Party?

I HAVE always had the simplest presents for games as well as for the prizes in the various competitions. It is far more important, I think, to have plenty of prizes, so that no one will feel left out, than it is to have a few elaborate toys. Children are really pirates at heart, and if they come home laden down with booty, it is an indication that they have had a perfect time. The simpler the individual pieces of booty, the better, both for the morale of the young and for the pocketbook of the hostess.

Two or three more strenuous games may be in order now. For these, I sometimes choose a three-legged race, "kick-the-wicket" or a round of hide-and-seek. If it is a mixed party, the little children can play in the sand box while the older ones play more strenuously. Sometimes the boys play baseball or football, according to the time of year. Such games depend on the crowd and their humour; but I have found that it is always useful to have the necessary balls available so that the children can play, if they so desire. There must be a certain amount of planning and organization to get things under way, of course; yet too much of telling the children what to do and when to do it will spoil their pleasure. The same rules prevail for being a good hostess, whether one is hostess to the young or to the old; and the essential thing to remember is that, for the happiness of a group, all the individuals must be enjoying themselves.

I have discovered that it serves a

double purpose to have the group go indoors about half an hour before supper to play "pin the tail on the donkey" or some similar game. This enables those children who do not excel at more vigorous competition to have a further chance to be "best" at something. It also serves to quiet every one after a boisterous afternoon. By the time each child has had a turn at pinning the tail on the donkey, the moment will finally come to go into the dining-room.

Having seen every conceivable kind of food given to children on these occasions, and having tried out various types of refreshment myself, I have come to the conclusion that cereal and milk, and bread and butter are by far the most satisfactory mainstays with which to start. If there are vegetables, there are sure to be some children who do not like them; and even creamed chicken is beyond the realm of what most children are allowed in the evenings. Moreover, with the extra excitement they should have what is most easily digested.

To make this sturdy fare more festive, I generally get a gay paper tablecloth with napkins to match. In the center of the table I have a Jack Horner pie with ribbons to each place; or there may be original and amusing individual favors. At each place I always put, also, a paper basket of small colored mints, my only concession to candy for the occasion.

For the average child this is ample entertainment; and it is far better for him than elaborate food or decorations. (To Be Concluded.)

Bird Wisdom

MARION H. ADDINGTON

Over the saffron sky
Bright in the west,
Two snow-white pigeons fly
Home to their nest.

Golden the gleaming light
Tipping their wings;
Lower the circling flight:
Slow spiralings.

Some wiser Power sends
Each to its goal,
Straight as the needle wend,
Back to the pole.

Here we a truth may learn
(Bird lore is best):
Flight-weary hearts must turn
Home to their Rest.

—Our Dumb Animals.

"Despite the scribbling of our literary scoffers, we Americans are a religious people and, by and large, a Christian nation. Creeds and dogmas mean less than they once did, but Christian principles are the basis of the faith by which we live. The prayers and hymns and precepts of Christianity are part of our daily living. The unclean spirit of Nazi-Communism asks Jesus of Nazareth, 'What have I to do with thee?' Nothing—nothing at all. But most of us have something to do with Him.

Put love into the world, and heaven, with all its beatitudes and glory, becomes a reality—Love is everything. It is the key to Life, and its influences are those that move the world.—R. W. Trine.

ONE spring, my fourteen-year-old daughter began criticising my choice of menus, says an American mother. When vacation time came I went to her one Monday morning, put the amount of the week's food budget in her hands, and said:

"Ruth, I'm going to let you plan the meals and buy the groceries this week." She was delighted.

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed, "then we can have ice cream and cake for dessert every evening!"

I smiled. "If the money holds out," I said.

The plan worked. Ruth came to see that it took thought and management to stretch the allotted money, and that there were things more important than having ice cream and cake for dessert every evening.—The War Cry.

If hot-water bottles and other rubber articles are washed every two months with water to which a little soda or ammonia has been added, it will prevent them from perishing and getting hard.

"THE LOW COUNTRIES"

As everyone knows, Herr Hitler, following his usual plan of "blitz kreig", or "lightning war", or rather, "lightning robbery", swept almost all Holland and a great deal of Belgium into his net.

The gangster, undeterred by any scruples, has the initial advantage that he strikes before the forces of law and order can read his purposes. It may be long before he "comes to the end of his tether" but right conquers in the end.

These little countries, victims of aggression, are two of the most peaceful and progressive in Europe. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and King Leopold of Belgium are high-minded sovereigns who have consistently advocated the Christian way of settling social and international difficulties and who, last summer when war was imminent, made a special effort for peace.

The little kingdoms of "the Low Countries" have a heroic history. The story of the Revolt of the Netherlands from Spain in the 16th century is full of romantic incident and has as its central figure Queen Wilhelmina's great ancestor, William the Silent. The invasion of Belgium by the Germans in 1914 brought Britain into the War.

King Albert, father of the present king, was a man of noble Christian character. It is told of him that during the war he was praying with members of his staff at a roadside shrine. "Forgive us our trespasses as—" the staff hesitated. They had ridden through a country desolated by the enemy. But the king's voice went on, "... as we forgive them that trespass against us." Then the others joined in. They had followed their king in battle, they would follow him in this triumph over the spirit of revenge.

The invasion of Holland, Belgium, Norway and other neutral countries shows the absolute necessity of a "United States of Europe" in which the welfare and security of each member will be the concern of the whole Federation.

Sport I



"HATE CONDITIONS, NOT MEN"

THE death of George Lansbury, English parliamentarian, Socialist, friend of the poor, and, above all else, crusader for world peace, marks the loss of a great character whose last days must have been saddened by the knowledge that he was the apostle of a tragically lost cause.

George Lansbury achieved some of his goals as a reformer. He was a leader in the triumph of the cause of woman suffrage. London offered to the children the playgrounds he had championed.

But his vigorously sustained devotion to peace was pathetic in its futility. Before war broke out he asked the Pope to intervene for peace with a world conference of Catholic, Jewish and Protestant religious leaders.

Earlier, as a pacifist, he conferred with the highest officials of most of the major nations of the world, including President Roosevelt, Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler, and found in those conferences certain encouragement in his peace crusade.

Even Hitler, he said, could be made to see reason and to act wisely, "if handled in the right way." The difficulty in this regard Mr. Lansbury never seemed to realize. Hitler's idea always has been that the right way